# Sue Kamily Circle.

THE SCULPTOR AND HIS CHILD. "Come in, my little girl," the sculptor said, Opening his studio door at early morn.
The sunrise glow was on her curly head,
As eagerly she crossed the flower-decked

Holding the corners of her apron tight In dimpled fingers, with a sunny smile, She showed it full of buds and blossoms bright. Rose, jasmine, lily, in one fragrant pile.

"Enter, my child," he said. Her little feet Paused on the threshold, and her earnes

eyes Gazed on his secret work of love complete, With childlike pleasure and most sweet sur-

\*It was a mild, majestic, graceful form, With outspread hands. The rosy surrise light Flushed the pure cheek with life-like tints and And crowned the forehead with a halo bright.

With reverent mien the little one drew near, And looked up in the face so calm and sweet; Quick to her eyes there sprang the sudden tear, Her blossoms dropped upon the statue's feet.

A deeper feeling than that glad surprise
Bent low and reverently that fair young head;
At last she raised those tearful, earnest eyes—
"Our dear Lord Jesus Christ!" she softly

Her father pressed her to his raptured heart! "Master!" he cried, "no further praise I My child hath known and named Thee who Thou art, Thus Thou dost crown and own my humble

A thousand hearts that face divine has thrilled With its serene and most majestic grace; Unnumbered thoughts with loving reverence

Since child and father saw Christ face to face. In the cathedral's hushed and solemn gloom.

That sculptured form shines still divinely

And when the lilies and the roses bloom, The children strew them at its marble feet. -Hours at Home.

### RALPH NORTON.

A STORY OF QUEEN MARY'S TIME.

One summer evening, many years ago, a weary foot traveller was toiling not give me the book when I am slowly up a steep, dusty road, in the southern part of England. In one hand he grasped a stout oaken staff, answered the father, laughing. "You the companion of many a long mile; are full young to talk of learning to in the other he bore a small bundle, tied up in a handkerchief.

the hill he had been climbing, and saw is almost asleep even now." far below, nestling amid the trees, the white houses of the little village which sleeping, good Master Norton and his he called his home.

street, a little boy ran forward with a all her husband's earnest words an fellows, than be the butt and jet of my hand.

wayfarer, fondly stroking the child's enough for our fathers, why is it not shining hair; "wast looking out for good enough for us? Bethink you, to be attributed to the evil influences

"Now, thanks to Our Blessed Lady!" .

ward to share his father's caresses, and care of me, whatever may befall." even baby Guy laughed for joy as he arms.

"Where is Hubert?" asked the father, glancing around the room in search of his eldest born.

Harry?"

the table, "here is what is worth to curses, on soul and body, if he ever me more than all that silver"

"What is it?" said his wife, curiously, as she turned over the leaves. "I now a fine, manly youth of eighteen, wot nothing of book-learning as thou laughed merrily at all the threats of answered the mother; and the little

Holy Scriptures."

"Now Saint Agnes forefend!" said the good wife, piously crossing herself, ter Norton returned from a journey to "not the Bible in the vulgar tongue?" London, much more weary than usual. bright and cunning in the little girl to "If I only had my skates, I'd go casion, visited a lady who was gradu-

the good book?" than last Whitsuntide, Father Eustace to Dame Ursula, the wise woman, and trifling act, was saddened. warned us against it as a cursed book, bid her come hither quickly; thy

would go down swift so destruction." band, with a look of triumph, "that coctions prepared by the wise woman, blue sky, as she asked, in a low strong enough to bear the skates, and our good King Henry hath ordered joined to Dame Margery's loving care, tone, "Can God see me when my eyes got a thorough wetting. There was with an increasing sweetness in his that this book be chained to the read- | were all in vain. Master Norton was | are shut, mamma?" ing-desk in every parish church in dying. England, so that whosoever will may come and read? I pray thee, which all the quiet valley where the little yourself from Him. He knows when ones. The cold and dampness struck

manded: "But how came you by the most breaking with sorrow, as they when you try to hide anything from "for fun" sowed the seeds.

book?" I was strolling idly though London streets, when I saw a dim light in the to his eldest son, saying, "Come hither, your heart, He is." crypt of St. Paul's cathedral. I had Hubert. Thou hast ever been a good myself in a long, vaulted room. At be her chief stay and support.

listened all night, for never had I Ralph; thou hast still a Father in hide anything from God. He never heard such wonderful words; but at heaven. Bring hither the holy book. shuts His eyes upon our sins; although, length the reader closed the book. Then placing it in the hands of the if we repent, He always forgives. God Seeing me linger after the others had passed away, he asked:-

"'Dost thou, too, love the blessed "'Oh! good sir,' I answered, 'I

possess that book.' "'Thou canst read, then?' he asked.

"I answered, 'Yes.'

books be not over plenteous, thou the group by the bedside. needst not pay such a price for a volume of the Scriptures. I am a dealer all. Before the first gray light over-in books, and if thou wilt follow me to spread the eastern sky, Master Norton my shop, I can sell thee one if thou had entered the pearly gates of the art minded to buy.'

"I gladly assented, and for ten silver pieces I obtained the holy book. Nay," he went on, smiling, "thou need not look so horrified at the price, Margery. If thou only knewest what a comfort it has been to me already, gone on merry and gladsome."

the wonderful book?"

"Not now, for I am weary and faint. After supper, if you be good children, I will read to you."

The simple meal was soon over, and after the wooden dishes had been cleared away from the rude table, the father seated himself while the others clustered round. Hubert, his mother's darling, was close by her side; Ralph stood at the father's knee, encircled by his low stool, knelt beside the table.

story of the angels appearing to the mestics—you throw away that influ-The father commenced with the shepherds who watched their flocks by night, and read on through several chapters of Luke's Gospel.

"O! father, what beautiful stories! exclaimed little Ralph. "Will you grown up, if I learn how to read?"

"Plenty of time for that, I trow," read. But now, methinks, it is time such little folk as you were safely At length he reached the summit of housed in bed; little Geoffrey, I see, life. How many young men have

Long after the children were quietly wife lingered, talking over the words With joyful steps he now pressed which had just been read. Dame Noronward, and just as he reached the en- ton, like many a one in those troubled trance of the long, straggling village times, clung to the old religion, and to shout of joy, and clasped his father's swered only, "It may be true. I see nothing wrong in the words you have nothing but kindness." And there are "Bless thee, my little one," said the | read; but if the old religion was good "That was I," answered the child, eyes, "what will become of you if the cle. Remember, you are rearing im-

"It cannot be wrong," he answered, said the wife devoutly, as he reached quietly, "to read God's blessed word. the door, "you have returned safe." With His help I mean to do right, Another little one now pressed for and I will trust in His love to take

Several years passed quietly away sprang into the traveller's outstretched years of almost unbroken prosperity and happiness to good Master Norton's

family. Hubert, who had now grown to be a tall, slender stripling of twenty-two, "He will be here anon," answered was more than ever his mother's pride the mother. "I sent him to do an er- and joy; but he alone, of all the chilrand. But how have you prospered, dren, cared not for the sacred book

dared touch the holy volume. Ralph, on the contrary, who was eyes, mamma?" priests in Christendom said him nay.

One sultry evening in August, Mas- story, mamma." "Even so. What hast thou against Early the next morning, Hubert, who do so; but the mother, looking at the home," he was saying. "May be you ally sinking under a pulmonary dissept in the loft, was awakened by his future of her child, and realizing the will just run over and get, them, Joe, ease. On entering her room, he greet "Thou knowest that no longer ago mother calling: "Hubert, haste thee wilfulness of her nature even in this like a good fellow; there they are," ed her with his peculiarly bright trifling act, was saddened.

Whitsuntide, Father Eustace to Dame Ursula, the wise woman, and trifling act, was saddened.

and told us that those who read it father is grievously fever-stricken!" "But knowest thou," said her hus came manifest that the herbs and de- eyes were lifted at once toward the broke through the ice, that was only tone.

stood around the rude bed on which mamma." "In this wise. Four nights agone, | Master Norton lay, almost unconscious. Suddenly rousing himself, he turned

the upper end three or four candles "Come hither, Ralph." The youth

words of life. I thought I could have "Nay," said his father, "look up, rents, never for a moment can they Times.

boy, he said, "Thou hast ever loved is perfectly just and holy; and, while this book. I give it thee as thou hast we may well tremble at His anger, we desired, and I charge thee be faithful may remember always that "God is unto the end. Count not thy life dear love.' unto thee, but, if need be, yield it up would give all I have in the world to joyfully for the truth's sake; and may God, thine own God, help thee."

The two younger boys now came forward to receive their dying father's "'Then,' said he, smiling, 'though | blessing, and so the night fell around

> The morning dawned, but not to New Jerusalem.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

### HOME INFLUENCE,

"As the mother, so the daughter." Kind parent, have you ever thought thou wouldst not grudge it. Often, in of this? And have you endeavored my weary journey from London, I to conduct the affairs of your family have stopped by the roadside under circle accordingly, so that the good inthe shadow of the trees; then its sweet fluence of the home circle might be words have refreshed me, and I have brought to bear on the social interests of your youthful family growing up "Father," asked little Ralph, who around you? These are momentous had been quietly listening, "will you | questions to the parent of the present not read to us some of the words from generation, when there is so much wickedness in the world. Let us, in this humble way, strive to advise Christian parents, with a view to the bringing up and nurture of their offspring with which God, in his infinite mercy and goodness, has blessed them.

Every day should be commenced and closed with family devotion—the reading of the Scriptures and the offering up of a prayer—and on this service every one of the family should be his arm; and little Geoffrey, bringing required to attend; for, unless you make it open and free to all-members of your immediate household and doence which, once lost, can never be regained. Never think of sitting down to your meals with your family, without returning thanks to the Giver of every bounty for the gifts spread before you. This, too, goes hand in hand with family devotions, and will soon show its influence in after years, if not

Make your homes pleasant for your children at all times, and, especially, when at that age when they are moulding their characters for their future been ruined for life in this way; and, when asked the reason, invariably reply, "My home has no attractions for me. My father beats me, and my mother is always finding fault and scolding me I would ather spend my time in the street among my parents, from whom I should receive many young women also on the downward road to ruin, whose career is too," she added, with tears in her and unattractiveness of the family ciryour children in the way they should go, so will you receive your reward for the part thus performed.

May God give all parents grace to act well their part toward the young intrusted to their care, so that the good seed sown in youth may spring up and bring forth good fruit in man and womanhood.—German Reformed Messenger.

#### CAN GOD SEE ME WHEN MY EYES ARE SHUT?

It was the question of a little girl which his father read nightly to the who had thought to deceive her mother perpetrated it will bitterly repent it, "Well," he answered, "I sold all family. This was partly owing to his about some trifling matter; but the for it will yet probably cost a human the goods brought from home. See," love for his mother, who still clung to mother understood the child perfectly; life. and untying a corner of the bundle he | the old faith, and partly to his gentle, | and, as she talked seriously to, her of disclosed a handful of silver coin timid nature; for Father Eustace, the sin of untruthfulness, she said, "But here," he proceeded, taking out whom he greatly feared, had secretly "Look me in the eyes, my child lice. One of the boys tied his skates a small, dark volume, and laying it on threatened him with the most awful Tell me just how it happened. I shall together and whirled them to the cenknow if you are true.'

"Can you see wicked stories in my

"When you tell them to me, I can,"

She who looked on thought it very

dear; but God can." She spoke very ran briskly to get them, and, as the A few days passed away, and it be- slowly and seriously; and the child's other boy had planned and foreseen; the reply, in a sad, almost desponding

"Yes, my dear; He sees you always. It was a beautiful day in September; in the day or night; you cannot hide had no clothes to exchange for his wet village lay seemed as if rejoicing in you tell a falshood, even if you whisper into his feeble frame, and he died in the golden sunshine; but within one it so low as not to hear your own voice. less than a month—of typhus fever, from heaven to the poor fainting heart. itself. Well did she know that interpretations and the died in the poor fainting heart. be the wiser, Father Eustace or the village lay seemed as if rejoicing in you tell a falshood, even if you whisper into his feeble frame, and he died in Unable to answer this, his wife de- humble cottage there were hearts al- God reads your heart, and He is angry the physicians said; but the drenching Her countenance lighted up with a perance walks hand in hand with

"Is He angry now?"

### SUNBEAM LOVE.

A darling litte infant
Was playing on the floor,
When suddenly a sunbeam Came through the open door;
And striking on the carpet,
It made a golden dot;
The darling baby saw it, And crept up to the spot.

His little face was beaming With a smile of perfect joy, As if an angel's presence Had filled the little boy; And with his tiny finger, As in a fairy dream, He touched the dot of sunshine, And followed up the beam.

He looked up to his mother, To share his infant bliss; Then stooped and gave the sunbeam A pure, sweet baby kiss. O Lord, our Heavenly Father, In the fulness of my joy, I pray that childlike feeling May never leave the boy.

But in the days of trial,
"When sin allures the youth,
"Send out Thy Light" to guide him, The sunbeams of Thy Truth.

And may this heart be ever
To Thee an open door,
Through which Thy truths, as sunbea Make joy upon life's floor.

#### PRACTICAL JOKES.

thing to get one of their number into an embarrassment of behavior which ling, they neared the land. greatly excites their mirth and ridiother is indeed fleeting pleasure.

Two years ago, the writer of this away into the better land." rticle attended a pic-nic, where the children were ranged around tables and waited upon by kind ladies, who to this beautiful land has for us a still mother, whose anxieties for the future furnished them with an abundance of higher meaning. There is before us of her offspring have been confined good things. All seemed happy and all a longer journey, but into a far to the vain things of time and sense, contented except one little boy, who, more beautiful land. The whole is taught at last, by the removal of sad and silent stood apart from the earth upon which we live is like an her loved babe from her sight, that rest. "He has been forgotten," I island; this glorious land for us only there is a world for which preparation thought, and drew the attention of the | a faint image of heaven. The passage | is of infinitely greater importance

nothing."

dent surprise; and then she told me the better land."-Little Corporal. his sad story. Here it is:

Two boys were playing together in the back yard of a dwelling where one of them lived. They had every thing to make their lives pleasantfriends, fortune, health, and no future "That was I," answered the child, eyes, "what will become or you it the laughing, "and so was mother. See, lyng should turn again? It is not younger she stands in the doorway, long since many of the Gospelers were himself for reading this very book."

| Cle. Remember, you are rearing immortal souls, and just as you faithfully and train through the yard, one of them sitting room:—
| act your part in the family, and train through the yard, one of them sitting room:—
| act your part in the family, and train through the yard, one of them sitting room:—
| The true get your part in the way they have a proper to the mantle strong in the way they have a proper to the mantle strong in the year. The true get your part in the way they have a proper to the mantle strong in the year. was brighter than theirs. As they mate what it was.

"I know," was the reply; taste it." "Is it good?"

"Yes, real good; taste it." The little fellow put his mouth down and took one swallow of the liquid. It was strong lye, and it solid food. Bread, broth, or sugar and water is all the nourishment his feeble life receives. The story is true. It was a cruel joke, and the boy that

Some boys were playing on a frozen pond that had several spots of weak tre of one of them, where he left them lying, "Just wait," he said to a boy near, "till Joe Burke comes down, and we'll have some fun."

Joe was a small, poorly-dressed boy, to whom the skates belonged was sitting on the ice, looking quite forlorn. "I cannot see your eyes now, my possessed of an accommodating spirit, great laughter at his rueful face as he smile, and repeated with his own and she bent her head in unutterable scrambled out, but he was poor, and marked emphasis:

I have related two practical jokes, shone from it even in death. with the results. They were not so "If you have a wicked story in very funny, after all. Even if they Dublin, was visiting a lady in a simihad not ended so fatally, you have lar state, "weak-O, so very weak!" bore you is not dead within you, shun "Look, mamma; see my eyes now, only to imagine what your feelings She told him that she had been very that which gives her pain; adhere to never seen the place, so, moved by cu- and loving son; may God reward thee I did tell a wicked story, mamma, I'm would be in such positions, and avoid much troubled in mind that day, that which gives her joy. If she is riosity, I groped my way down the for it. I charge thee to cherish and sorry." And the quivering lip and an amusement that has for its founda- because in meditation and prayer she with you on earth, she does not, can steep, dark staircase, and soon found protect thy mother. Thou wilt now tearful eye told that now the heart was tion even the temporary unhappiness had found it impossible to govern her not desire to see her son a drunkard; reached, the willful spirit conquered. of a fellow-being. There are a thou- thoughts, and kept merely going over if she is with her Father in heaven, shund sports that involve no peril or the same things again and again. glimmered faintly round the reading- knelt by the bedside, and burying his desk, where were grouped many list face in the coverlet, gave way to a desk, where were grouped many list face in the coverlet, gave way to a desk, where were grouped many list face in the coverlet, gave way to a debars you from her society forever. The drunkard cannot inherit the king to the Gospel for that, too. Our Lord the drunkard cannot inherit the king to the coverlet was his debars you from her society forever. The drunkard cannot inherit the king to the coverlet was his debars you from her society forever. The drunkard cannot inherit the king to the coverlet was his paper ever forget that God sees them suffering. Embrace them all; to the gates of heaven against you, and debars you from her society forever. The drunkard cannot inherit the king the coverlet was his paper ever forget that God sees them suffering. Embrace them all; to the gates of heaven against you, and debars you from her society forever. The drunkard cannot inherit the king the gates of heaven against you.

THE BETTER LAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A father and mother lived with their two children on a rough island in the midst of the sea, where they had been thrown by a shipwreck. Roots and herbs served them for food, a spring of water was their drink, and a cave their dwelling.

The children could no longer remember how they came upon the island. They knew nothing of the firm land, and bread, and milk; fruit, and whatever else there is still more precious, were to them things unknown.

There landed on the island one day, in a little ship, four negroes. The parents were very glad, and hoped now to be saved from their suffering. But the little ship was too small to carry them all over to the continent together, and the father wished to risk the passage first.

The mother and children wept when he entered the frail, wooden vessel, and the four black men were about ministry is accomplished; and how to take him away. But he said, "Do not weep. Over there it is better, and tween an impenitent parent and a neyou will all come soon."

and took away the mother, the chil-child; the unoccupied crib in the dren wept still more. But she also chamber; the picture books, well worn said, "Do not weep. In the better land by those dear little hands; the multiwe shall see each other again."

away the two children. They were the absent one, or in some way con-Boys often think it a very smart | very much afraid of the black men, | nected with it, - are mutely, but most and the frightful sea over which they eloquently, pleading with the father a temporary difficulty, thereby causing must pass. And so in fear and tremb- and the mother who are left behind,

cule, though often the poor boy who saw their parents standing on the them where the family will be uplifted is the victim finds, like the frogs in shore—when they reached to them the fable, that, although it is sport to their hands, and led them into shadows them, it is death to him; in other of high palm trees, and on the blos- date their first religious impressions words, being the butt of his fellows soming turf gave them, milk, honey from the death-bed of "our little wounds his feelings and makes him and delicious fruits. "How foolish truly wretched, while the enjoyment was our fear," said the children; "we father, whose thoughts and cares that arises from the suffering of an | should not have been afraid, but glad, | have been limited to this brief life,

"Dear children," said the father, "our passage from that desert island lady nearest me to the child. thither, over the stormy sea, is death, than this—a better country, even a "There is a little boy who looks that little ship, the bier on which, some heavenly. Thus is she taught a lesson wistfully at the cakes and pies," I day, the men will carry us away. But which could have been impressed only said, "but he seems to be eating when the hour comes, as it sometime upon a bleeding heart. The child of will; when I, your mother, or you, her love is safe-"Gone to God! cannot eat?" the lady asked, in evilis, for the good, only a passage into Bestill my heart—what could a mother's prayer,

## THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

in an old Manor House in Gloucester- the way thither? Listen to the Divine shire, written and framed, and hung voice which has spoken to you so over the mantlepiece of a tapestried tenderly and in so much mercy, and

vant, and the world's master, and his treasures to himself. own man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his father, the Church is his mother, the saints his brethren, all that need his friends; devotion is his chaplain, chasshrank the membranes of his throat tity his chamberlain; sobriety his and destroyed his palate; and from that day to this he has never eaten of ty his housekeeper, Providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his porter, to let in or out as master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a man and a Christian."

# WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.

sick need especially to be able to speak stairs. In the nursery, his toys were Father Eustace, declaring he would one, still unsubdued, pressed two fat who suffered much at the hands of his fitting words. The visit of a Christian scattered about as before; but we did "It is the blessed Evangile, the read what books he listed, if all the fingers upon her, closed lids, and elder and more knowing companions. minister or friend who has this gift, not see him playing with them. In a said, "Now you can't see any wicked When he came to the pond, the boy is often like the coming of a sunbeam. It diffuses both light and warmth.

The late Dr. Stoughton, on one oc-

"How are you feeling to-day?" "Weak-O, so very weak!" was

He looked at her pale, sad face,

"When I am weak, then I am strong; Grace is my shield, and Christ my song."

gladness that never left it in life, and poverty, shame, and death; and her

The late Rev. W. H. Krause, of

Jesus Christ, when His soul was exceed- dom of God.

ing sorrowful unto death, three times prayed and spoke the same words."

This reasonable application of Scripture was a source of great comfort to her. Her trouble was gone, and a

sweet peace took its place. Those who can speak such fitting words at the bedside of the sick and the dying, will always be hailed with gladness as sons of consolation. The gift is one of incalculable worth, as the suffering children of God have often found. It is one of those "best gifts" which it were well to covet earnestly, and to seek with special importunity from the Head of the Church, for the sake of His weak and suffering members.—National Baptist.

DEATHS OF LITTLE CHILDREN. "Around the throne of God in Heaven Thousands of children stand; Children whose sins are all forgiven

A holy, happy band, Singing, glory—glory—Glory be to God on high!"

Blessed be God for the teachings of the death of little children! Their often is it one of reconciliation beglected Saviour! The vacant place at When the little ship came again the table which was once filled by the tude of objects daily coming into sight, At last the little ship came to bring which were either the possessions of to begin to walk in that path, if they But how glad they were when they are not already in it, which shall lead once more and forever.

How many might be found who girl," or "our little boy?" when the black men came to bring us awakes from his worldliness as he wakes up through tears to see the pearly gates open for the admission of one of his idolized children. That

In all the wildest ecstacies of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven

The households are many of which it may be said—One is in heaven. Be-The following sketch is called the reaved father, bereaved mother, is a portrait of a true gentleman, found | child of yours there, and are you on commit yourself and your all to Him "The true gentleman is God's ser- who has already taken one of your

"There, in the Shepherd's bosom, White as the drifted snow,
Is the little lamb that we missed one morn From the household flock below.' -Author of "Home Thrusts."

## LITTLE WALTER

On a quiet Sabieth evening in May, in a Southern city, a family were gathered in a pleasant parlor. In his mother's lap sat a little boy, four years most fit. This is his whole family, made up of virtue, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitahymns. After a short silence, his mother said, "Walter, what will you do first when you get to heaven?"

He raised his dark blue eyes to her face, and replied, "I will make a bow to God."

A few weeks passed away, and where was this little boy? We did not hear his merry laugh, or the patter Those who are called to visit the of his little feet in the halls and on the darkened chamber he lay, bearing a painful sickness so patiently, that his mother thought his spirit then bowed to God; and when all was over, and that lovely little form lay cold and still in the coffin it comforted her to think that, with ten thousand times ten thousand angels, little Walter was bowing to God."—Children at Home.

## "MY:BOY DRUNK!"

"Drunk!—my boy drunk!" and tears started from the mother's eyes, sorrow. In that moment, the visions of a useful and honorable career were destroyed; and one of worthlessness, mother-heart was pierced as with a sharp-pointed steel. Ah, young man! shun that course of life which shuts